

THE  
*London Terræ-filius :*  
 OR THE  
 Satyrical Reformer.  
 BEING  
 Drolling Reflections on the  
 VICES and VANITIES  
 OF  
 Both Sexes.

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*To be Continu'd.*

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By the Author of *The London-Spy.*

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Numb. III.

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T H E

*London Terræ-filius :*

O R,

The Satyrical Reformer, &c.

**T**Here goes a Jolly Town Rake, of a young Cully, who is taking more Pains to Lavish an Estate Foolishly, than ever his Father did to Get it Knavishly: He's a great admirer of Humble Cringes from a Crafty Sicophant, and of good Breeding from an ill Woman; therefore is never better pleas'd then when he is dearly Purchasing either Vintner's Bows, or Whore's Compliments. The Bottle and the Pettycoat are the two Idols that he Worships, not barely for their own sakes, but for what's contain'd in the one, and hid under the other. In a Tavern, or Bawdy House, he is Prodigally Generous; so that

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the Heat of his *Brains*, together with that of his *Codpiece*, brings his *Nobles* to *Nin-pences*, and those to *Nothing*. The only *Vertues* that he values in himself is *Whoring* and *Drinking*; of which he Boasts with as much Vanity, in all Companies, as a young *Lawyer* does of his great Business, or a *Coward* of his Fighting. He that can Flatter him handsomely, may, at any time, have a Finger in the same Purse; and if he be but Debauch'd enough to be a Companion in his *Vices*, with the same ease he may be a Partner in his *Cash*. Of *Whores* and *Duns* he always delights to have a great Number; for to be Pleasur'd by the One, and Plagu'd by the Other, he thinks is to Live like a Man of Quality. He values his *Mistresses* after the same manner that they do their *Apparel*; for he always esteems her as the best and finest that was last bought, or that cost him the most Money. He is a generous *Cully*, but a bad *Pay-Master*, and had rather discharge Ten Extravagant *Reckonings* than one Just *Debt*, and extend his *Charity* to a Superannuated *Bawd*, than a Poor *Relation*. He has a strange Opinion of the *Fair Sex*, from his own *Debaucheries*, and thinks all Women *Whores* excepting such that himself has made so; for those he distinguishes as his Bosom Friends, and flatters himself with a belief, that neither *Lust* or *Interest*, but a *Passionate*

nate Affection for his dear Person, has made them his *Prostitutes* so that he has a vain Conceit they are wicked only with himself, tho' a Shilling from a *Bayliff*, or his *Follower*, would tempt the most Constant of his *Paramours* to the like freedom. He is never so forward to Vindicate any Woman's Reputation as he is hers that has lost it; and is never so backward to give any Woman a good Word, as he is to bestow it on her that has more *Wit*, as well as *Vertue*, than to deserve a bad one. He is one of those that makes a very ill use of a good Estate, and perverts that, by his Vicious Habits, into a heavy Curse, which, by better Management, would prove a Blessing; therefore, according to the Old Proverb, *What the Father* (who was a Country Attorney) *got over the Devil's Back, the Son is taking care to Spend under his Belly.* He seems to be destin'd to do the World *Justice* by Paying Extravagant Reckonings in the same Coin that was Knavishly got by Exorbitant Bills, as if the Son, according to *Lex Talionis*, thought himself bound to repair that damage by his *Profuseness* and *Prodigality*, which his Father had done the Publick by his *Extortion* and *Usury*. But let the *Rake* take care, lest he Pays the *Interest* of his Fathers *Sins* with his own Ruin, and brings himself in a little time into such a State of Misery, that he has no Choice left him



but to stay at Home and be Hang'd; turn *Soldier* and be Knock'd on the Head; or be Ship'd off, like bad Goods, to some Foreign Plantation, where he must Stew in Sweat till the *Dry Gripes*, or a *Calenture*, put a happy period to the *Spendthrifts* Misfortunes.

*He that derives Estate, or Portion  
From 's Father's Knav'ry and Extortion,  
Had better be without the Purse,  
Than have it with its usual Curse.*

Here comes a Swanking Widow for you, who, I'll warrant, if she was to be weigh'd against a *Smithfield Steed*, has as much Flesh upon her Back as a Fat *Lincolnshire Bullock*. Her Face, by Computation, is about the breadth of the *Pewter-Platter* in *St. John's Street*, that the *Mask* she wears takes up as much *Velvet* to cover it, as a *Mounteer-Cap*, and as much *Oylskin* to line it as would make a *Butter-Woman's Hat-Case*. Her Countenance is enrich'd with as many Juicy *Pimgenets* as an Old *Drunkards*; and is here and there adorn'd with such *Ignescent Carbuncles*, that whoever gives her a Kiss must run a great hazard of setting Fire to his *Perrwig*. Her Breasts are like a Pair of *Cows Udders*, when they have just Calv'd; and her Neck hangs in Wallups, like an Old *Viſtualler's* Double Chin, or the Hide of *Langley's Rhinoceros*.

*Rhinoceros.* She is forc'd to wear *Spunges* under her Arms to catch the Dripping of her *Serum*; for tho' she Drinks hard, yet, by the Computation of her own *Chamber-Maid*, she Sweats more than she Pisses; tho' a Tall Woman, she's as short Wasted as a *Serjeant's* Blue Gown, that there is not above a moderate Span between her Hips and her Shoulders: Her Buttocks are as plump and as round as the Stern of a *Dutch* Fly-Boat; but every Step she takes they tremble like an *Irish-Bog*, when Trod upon, or a *Quaking Pudding*, just clap'd upon the Table: She is still in her Widows Weeds to shew her Sorrow for the Departure of her Husband, yet suffers herself to be Courted by a *Carrionly Gallant*, who is just the Reverse of her own Character: She has as much Black Cloth in a *Pettycoat* as one of *Russel's* Skelitons has in a *Mourning-Cloak*; for her Limbs are so long from her *Noch* downwards, that every Step she takes is an ordinary Woman's Straddle: Her Fiery Face, set off with her *Charcole* colour'd Weeds, appears like the *Setting Sun*, surrounded with *Sullen Clouds*: And when ever she Speaks, her Loud *Masculine Voice* breaks thro' her Lips like a Clap of *Thunder*: She's a notable *Merry Matron* at a *Gossiping*, or a *Christ'ning*, and is never better pleas'd than when she is replenishing her Veins with good *Claret*; which, according



ding to her Maids Report, she often takes so immoderately, that it flows back again into the *Chamber-Pot*, like *Prick'd-Wine* from *Cheapside-Conduit*, upon the Birth Day of a Prince of *Wales*, into the Caps of the *Mobile*. Her *Mutton Fists* are always in such a Breathing Sweat, that it is two Hours hard work to draw on her *Gloves*, and half as much to pull 'em off again: Her *Odoriferous Petticoes*, so perpetually Bath themselves in their own Moisture, that tho' she Walks upon dry Ground, yet she is always Wet-shod, insomuch, that the *Dropfical Juices* which flow into her Shoes never fail, in a Weeks time, to Rot the *Stiches*, and separate the *Souls* from the *Upper-Leathers*: She is very Devout of a *Sunday*, and a constant Woman at Church, where her Husband, when he was Living, out of a deep regard to the Ease of his Wife's Bumfiddle, caus'd the Seat of her *Pew* to be amply enlarged to the breadth of her Buttocks; *T. H. J. B. Church-Wardens*; *C. L. D. M. Overseers of the Poor*. Her Gifts and Graces are Principally these, *viz.* She has the Nimbleness of a *Cow*, and the Bulk and Majesty of an *Elephant*: She is very Skillful in Dressing an *Issue*; for she has had two in her own Legs this Ten Years: She will Eat like *Heliogabalus*, and Drink like a *German Trooper*: She is very much of a *Woman*, and too much for any

any *Man*; has abundance of *Love*, a proportionable *Fortune*, and no *Children*; and having done *Penance* in a *Mourning Veil* this six Months, stands now expos'd to the *Fairest Bidder*. He that carries of the Prize is desir'd to take care of the *Nuptial Machine*, for a *Man's* Weight added to her own, will sufficiently try the Strength of a Sacking Bedsted; nor would I advise any *Man* to enter into an *Amorous Engagement* with her, lest he has the *Courage* of a *Stone-Horse*; for she requires as much *Love* as a *Fen-Mare*, that has been Six Months a *Grazing*. Now, *Madam*, since your *Magnificent Ladiship* has drawn your self within hearing, I hope, if I tickle your *Ears* with a gentle *Reproof*, you will not, out of an *Effeminate disgust* to good *Advice*, *Ridicule*, or *Slight* what I purely intend for your own singular *Benefit*, viz. Since you are the *Leviathan* of your *Sex*, improv'd from a *Woman* by meer *Gluttony* and *Ebriety* into a *She-Monster*. I would have you lay aside the thoughts of *Wedlock* till you can meet with your *Match*, or else endeavour, by a *Habit* of *Temperance*, to reduce your *Bulkiness* to a *Matrimonial Size*, lest the *Cart-Load* of *Blabber* that you drag about with you should not only *Stink* your *Bridegroom* out of *Bed*, but render you incapable of being a *Helpmate* to your *Husband*, which is the *Duty* of a *Wife* to be, according to the

Words of the Great Law-giver, *Moses*; for in short, as all Girls under fourteen Years of Age, ought to think themselves too young for a *Bedfellow*, so all Women above sixteen Stone ought to think themselves too unweildy for *Nuptial Enjoyment*.

*Since what's too Little, Wives agree  
To be an Insufficiency,  
Then what's too Big, by my Consent  
Should be a just Impediment.*

Pray mind yonder Dog in a Doublet, that looks as Demure as a *Dissenting Hypocrite*, Creeping a *Snail's* pace to an *Evening Lecture*: That two Leg'd Monster of a Man is one of those *Diabolical Substitutes*, call'd a *Bontefeu*, a *Devil's* Emissary upon Earth, imploy'd by his Infernal Master to Sow Mischief among Mankind: His Tongue is always ready Tip'd with a Lie to somebody's Prejudice, which he graces like a true *Sycophant* with *Fanatical Cant*, that it may pass Muster the better. When he has most *Malice* he always carrys the Signs of the most good *Temper* in his Countenance, and does more harm by his Treacherous *Insinuations* than by his Open *Calumny*. He never was admitted, two Days together, into any one Family, but he kindled more Strife than cou'd Evaporate in a Twelve Month; and was never kindly receiv'd into any Friend-ly



ly Society, but in a little time made 'em all Enemies by his *Contentious Whispers*. He never covered any one Man's Company in his Life but purely for the Pleasure of Reviling another; for his Malicious Temper is so related to that of a *Witch*, that he is never pleas'd but when contriving Mischief. He always pretends much Friendship to the Person he Reproaches behind his Back, and would have you think he speaks not thro' *Prejudice*, but out of *Pitty* and *Concern* for his unhappy Failings, by which means he does him the more hurt, and gains the greater Credit. When ever he riggles himself into a Woman's Embraces, 'tis more for the sake of *Scandal* than the Pleasures of *Love*; for his next Business is to report her a *Whore*, as soon as he has made her so: And when ever he becomes acquainted with a Woman of *Modesty*, if his Companions Tax him with a compleat Conquest, he denies it after such a manner that may seem only Evasive, upon no other account but to Confirm 'em the more in their false Opinions, so that he suffers a *Modest* Woman's Reputation to be infencibly Injur'd, for nothing but the odious Vanity of being thought her *Favourite*. He is so Zealous a Lover of all manner of *Contention*, that he goes twice a Week to *Billingsgate* to hear the *Fish-Women* Scold, and will follow a *Proud Bitch* half a Mile out of his way, on purpose to behold a Litter

of *Amorous Puppies* Fight and Quarrel for her Favours. His Father certainly Begot him in an Angry Mood, to Revenge himself of the Mother upon some Clamorous Provocation, not to pacifie her Tongue, but to punish her Disobedience with the Pains of *Child-Birth*. For, surely, no Man that ever was Sown in right Reason, when his Parents Affections had a Mutual tendency to the Great Work of Generation, cou'd prove so great an Enemy to Mankind, as to Delight in nothing but their *Discord* and *Confusion*. *Catterwowing* he esteems beyond the Musick of an *Orpheus*, and will, in a *Winters* Night, leap out of his warm Bed, open his Window in his Shirt, and stand two Hours in the *Moonshine*, to delight his Ears with the untuneable variety of their Squabbling Courtship. Come hither, Mr. *Sh—t*fire, if your Ears are at Leisure; I have something to say to you, *viz.* I must needs tell thee thou art an odious Creature, both to God and Man, as Detestable to *Omnipotence*, as thou art Hateful to his Image; thou art a *Devil Incarnate*, that Harbours more Snakes in thy Bosom than ever were Painted in *Medusa's Perrwig*; thou hast the *Subtilty* of the *Old Serpent*; the *Treachery* of *Judas*, and the *Tongue* of an *Adder*, that carrys upon its Tip more dangerous Poyson than the *Asp* or *Basalisk*; therefore shut up that *Pandora's Box*, thy *Mouth*; bridle that Malignant Member



Member that is Lodg'd therein; subdue the *Envy* in thy Breast, and reconcile thy *Temper* to the *Peace* and *Wellfare* of thy self and others, or else, when thou livest to be better known thou'lt be Kick'd out of all Company, for a base *Incendary*, be Loaded with the Curse of every Body's ill Word, and at last be hurry'd out of the World, by either *Sword* or *Pistol*; for he that delights to set others by the Ears, is generally Doom'd to have his Eyes clos'd by the smart of his own *Folly*, and as he Lives Hated and Despis'd, so shall he Dye without Warning, and Perish Unlamented. Therefore be careful, for the future, how thy *Evil Whisperings* turn *Friendship* into *Enmity*, or *Love* into *Hatred*, lest a fatal Misfortune to thy self, should, at last, spring up from some unhappy difference of thy own Hatching.

*Thus he that loves to Mischief make,  
For nothing but for Mischief's sake,  
In all strict Justice ought alone  
To Reap the Evils he has Sown.*

Here comes an Old Solicitrix in the Law, who has worn out as many Tan'd Hides in her time, in Trotting down to *Westminster*, as would have Set Up a *Leather-Seller*. This very *Letigious Beldam*, that is always Muttering to herself like a losing *Gamester*,

has been as great a Plague to all the *Courts* in *Westminster-Hall*, as the *Colchester Rector*. She never appears in the *Chancery-Office*, but she Frights some *Clerk* or other from his Seat, and makes him hide himself in some adjacent *Tavern*, for fear of being Talk'd to Death with her endless Impertinence. She has as much *Scripture* by Heart as a young *Country Curate*, which she applies so closely to the *Mercenary Makebates*, when they delay her Business, that every Taunting Reprimand is of as great efficacy as an *Affize Sermon*. When ever she Detects them in the Neglect of her Cause, or in *Clandestine Practice*, then *Wo be to you Scribes*; for the present Curse of her Tormenting Tongue is a sufficient Punishment for the greatest of Offences. She has all the Terms of *Law* and *Equity* at her Stings end: And could a Woman be admitted into the Wrangling Robe, for ought I know she might make as smart a Disputant in a *Vexatious Cause*, as e'er a *Ferry Blackacre* of 'em all, and raise her Reputation to at least a Level with some very Eminent Professors of the Bawling Faculty. She is also, by her long Experience in those Misteries of Iniquity, call'd *Law* and *Equity*, so well acquainted with the accustomed Fees of all the Offices, that she's as able to Tax an *Attorney's Bill*, as either of the *Protonotaries*, and can take of the Superfluities of a long

*Chancery*

*Chancery* Scrowle as well as a *Master*. She has two very pritty Daughters, who often do her the Service of ready Money; the Handsomeſt ſhe calls her *Gold*, and the Other her *Silver*, ſo that when ſhe has any Motion to be made at *Westminſter*, or any thing to be Argu'd, ſhe ſends either one or t'other, with Inſtructions, or a *Breviat* to ſome *Fornicating Bariſter*, who ſhe knows before hand will take a Favour for a Fee, by which means ſhe often gains her Point; and for *Love*, inſtead of *Money*, has her Buſineſs done effectually. She always appears in her *Widows Weeds*, tho' her Husband has been Dead this ſeven Years; and the reaſon why ſhe delights ſo much in her Solitary Garb is, that when her *Lawyers* Vex her ſhe may Pronounce an *Anathema* with the greater Authority upon them and their Profeſſion, for doing *Wrong to the Widow and the Fatherleſs*, a Sin that is ſo far againſt the *Inter-eſt* of herſelf and Children, that in whom, or whenſoever ſhe Detects it, ſhe never ſuffers it eſcape un-Curs'd, tho' it may unpuniſh'd. Her Tongue is like a *Sheep Bell* upon a *Common*, which is never Silent but at ſuch times when the Creature that wears it is lain down to reſt. In ſhort, ſhe is an Implacable *Client*, a very Troubleſome *Acquaintance*; and a very Teazing *Relation*, eſpecially to ſuch that have Money to ſpare when ſhe wants it; for if *Vows, Promiſes,*  
and



and Pressing *Importunities* will prevail with 'em to part with it. She will seldom Visit 'em without an humble Request, that they will Multiply their Favours. Since I have found you in the Crowd, pray come hither Old Lady; a little good Advice may not be altogether flung away upon a Reverend *Prattle-Box*, who I fear is too stiff to *Bend*, and too Old to *Mend*, too Wise to be Taught, and so very Wicked, that thou art averse to *Reformation*: However, tho' it's flung away upon thee like thy own *Holy Admonitions* upon the Perverters of the *Law*, yet I will not let thee pass without a small Potion of *Reproof*, tho' thou art Old and Obstinate, lest I should be thought Guilty of the same Fault with him, who, having a very Termagant Wife, to his great Joy, in a Dying Condition, was desir'd by some of the Neighbours, who came to Visit her, to send for the *Parish Priest*, that his Departing Wife might receive the *Sacrament*, and have the usual benefit of a little *Christian Consolation* before she made her *Exit*; to which reasonable Request he very Morosly answer'd, *That just as she had Liv'd, even so she might Dye for him; for that he was well satisfied in his Conscience the Soul of such an Old B——h was not worth the saving*: But I have much more Charity for you, Grave Madam, who, at present, needs  
both

both *Instruction* and *Correction*; therefore, in the first place, I would have you compose those unhappy Differences with your near *Relations*, which have been so great a Plague to them, and a worse to your self, that when *Age*, or *Sickness*, shall throw you down upon your last Bed of *Repentance* you may not take leave of the World with a Breast full of *Spite* and *Envy*; and a Head full of *Motions*, *Orders*, and *Decrees*, but Dye like a *Sorrowful Penitent*, and a *Forgiving Christian*, Comforted with the hopes of *Eternal Happiness*, which you can never expect to have the least pretence to, whilst you suffer your Daughters to Prostitute their Charms to the Supporters of your *Malice*, and encourage them to Bribe the Instruments of your *Revenge* with their Ultimate Favours, when their *Beauty* would have been sufficient, had their *Chastity* been preserv'd by your *Maternal Care*, to have recommended the unhappy Dam'sels to good Husbands. Therefore I Advise you, as a Friend, to reform your self from that Litigious Temper that has so long been a Punishment to your whole Family, as well as to your self, and to reclaim your Pretty Daughters from those Vicious Practices which you, like an Unnatural Mother, have Decoy'd them into, or else you must all expect no other than an infamous *Declension* in this World, and *Misery* without end in the next, when the Armed *Skelin*



ton, like the *Devil* of a *Cook*, shall toss you out of the *Frying-Pan* into the *Fire*.

*Since such Litigious Hags as these  
Will give their Daughter's Charms for Fees,  
What Baseness will they not submit to,  
To injure those they have a Spite to?*

Your Servant *Captain Coming-Sir*; who would think that a *Feather*, pull'd out of an *Estritch's* Wing, and stuck into a *Fool's* Cap, should make a *Commander* of a *Cuckold*, and that such a *Hog-Tab* of a *Mortal-Cask*, Hoop'd round with a *Fring'd* Sash, should have the Confidence to Strut in a *Red-Coat*, as if a *Taylor*, with his *Shears*, could Clip a *Comard* into a *Heroe*. Could'st thou but see how well *Nature* has adapted thee to a *Blue-Apron* and a *low Bow*, thou would'st never have the *Vanity* to Stalk before a *Company* of *Buff-Doublets*, but mind the *Profitable* Consumption of *Claret* and *Tobacco*, instead of *Blood* and *Gunpowder*. What tho' thy *Marshal Accoutrements*, thy *Kimbo Arm*, and *Leading-Staff* invite the *Boys* to wonder at thee, yet a *Penetrating Eye* may easily see the *Prodigal Ape* thro' his *Military Jacket*, and find, by his *Tun-Belly*, that he is fitter to *Bestride* a *Hogshead*, and, *Bacchus* like, to *Sit* dangling of a *Bunch*, than he is to disguise himself in *Mars's Bloody Colours*, and to flatter his own *Vanity* with the  
Character

Character of a Soldier. Thou art an admirable Officer at a *Dung-Hill Siege*; and, by the help of a Pocketful of *Ginger-Bread*, canst Play at *Soldiers* a whole Day together, and Manfully Rush thro' the Dangers of *Dust* and *Drowth*, to Storm a *Laystall* in *Bunnin's* Fields, tho' you know, before hand, there is nothing to be got, except a T——d, by the Bargain. O how Sweet is the War-like sound of a Set of *Hoit-Boys*, when at the Head of your Company, they Toot *Lillaburlero* in Contempt of *Irish* Valour, and Lead you on by their inspiring Harmony to the Face of a *Sham-Enemy*, as the *Bag-Pipes* do the *Bears*, when they March in State to *Hockley-in-the-hole*, in order to engage their *Bawman* Adversaries. How Gallant a Sight do you afford the Ladies, when you delight their Charming Eyes with your Stately Clockwork Strides, follow'd by your Hogs in Armour, who have nothing but their useless Weapons with *Union-Knots* on the Ends of their *Pikes* to distinguish 'em from the Rabble; Mortals of all sorts and sizes Attend you on your *Training-Days*, and wait, with Lissening Ears, your great *Commands*, as you at Home do theirs, when, by the Assistance of a little Bell they Tingle for your Attendance, which shews you to be a *Heroe* of such an Humble Temper, that tho' you Strut to Day like a *Church-Warden* before the *Parish-Boys* upon a *Holy*

*Thursday*, yet, at Night, will you Vouch-  
 safe to Doff your *Marshal* Plumes, Change  
 your Golden Sash into a Blue-Apron, and  
 Bow to the meanest of your War-like  
 Men, that they may Learn at once *Obr-*  
*edience* and *Humility* from the great Exam-  
 ple of their *Noble Captain*. All Men won-  
 der, that behold you Marching in your  
 State and Triumph, how so brave a War-  
 rier, who can one Day put on a Commam-  
 ding Brow, look as Terrible as a *Flying-*  
*Dragon*, and grace your Countenance with  
 the Ferocity of a *Hannibal*, can the next  
 Moment, when the Battle's over, shift off  
 your Austerity, Molifie your Looks with  
 such a pleasing Air, and turn your Maje-  
 stick Strides into such an Affable Depor-  
 tment, as would engage a Customer to double  
 his *Files*, and Muster up Money for as ma-  
 ny Bottles more as otherwise he would do.  
 But hark you, Noble Captain, consider you  
 are only a *Commander* in cool Blood, that  
 Arms without *Occasion*; Encamps without  
*Hardship*; and Fights without *Danger*; so that  
 I would not have you boast of your *Mili-*  
*tary Exploits*, since the highest Attempts of  
 your *Fortitude*, had never any other Tendancy,  
 than to please the *Rabble*, and to give Tall  
*Apprentices* and Old *Porters* a Sweating Ho-  
 liday; then Face to the *Artillery-Ground*,  
 with your Arses towards the *Change*, *March*,  
*Halt*, Ground your Arms, Draw your Roach-  
 Belly'd



*Belly'd-Knives, and Now, Boys, for the Beef and Pudding. Let not your thoughts be Elevated by your Counterfeit Bravery above the Modest Pitch of your Humble Profession; but remember that your Moorfields-Battles are but Sham-Engagements, that Terminate in nothing but Harmless Thunder, Vain Smoke, and Ridiculous Confusion; therefore be careful how you measure the Honour due to Brave Actions, by the Narrow Conceit you have of Real Fortitude, from your own Cowardly Imitation of those Valiant Enterprises, whose Fame and Glory are proportioned to their Danger; but Learn to understand there is as much difference between a Hochstet Tragedy and a Train-Band Farce, as you can possibly imagine between Alexander's Bucephalus, and Punchenello's Butter-Fly; and then you will the better know how to place a due Estimate upon what is Generous and Worthy, also to look with Contempt, like a Wise-Man, upon your own Foolish Pageantry.*

*Rank Cowards often take Delight  
To Arm, and Monkeyie a Fight:  
He's only Brave, who on Just Grounds  
Will Boldly venture Blood and Wounds.*

*There goes a Famous Lady of the Town,  
a true Impudent Daughter of this Wicked Me-  
tropolis, who shall handle a Birch-Rod with*

e'er a *Pedagogue* in *Christendom*. That *Preternatural Brimstone* of a *She-Mortal*, is one of those *Sodomitical Succubus's*, viz. The *Mistress* of a *Flogging-School*, where a parcel of *Old Fanatical Goats* go to be *Whip'd* into their *Leachery*, on purpose to bring an *Odium* upon *Popish Pennance*: She has ten times more *Business* than the most *Noted Midwife* in *St. Giles's Parish*, and is forc'd to keep a far greater *Number* of *Ushers* than the other does of *Deputies*; she has many little *Seminaries* where she *Officiates* as constantly, and keeps her *Hours* as punctually as a *Geneva Tubster* does at his *Week-Day Lectures*. But her most *Topping School* is among the *Meeting-House Allies*, in *Moorfields*, for the *Sake* and *Benefit* of two considerable *Advantages*, viz. *First*, That the *Saints* may kill *Two Birds with one Stone*; and tumble out of the *School of Piety* into that of *Debauchery*: And, *Secondly*, For the *Convenience* of being near the *City*, because her *Customers* may be *Men* of such *Unspotted Reputation*, that will scorn but to pay as well for their *Leachery*, as they do for their *Divinity*; so that the *Town-Strumpet*, that *Tempts* 'em to *Sin*, may be as well gratify'd as the *Tub-Oracle* that *Teaches* 'em *Repentance*. 'Tis not long since she was taken by a *Whore-Hunting Justice*, and his *Antivenereal Emisaries*, in a *Famous Academy of Titillation*, in *Anniseedclear*, crept into a *Closet* with an  
Old



Old *Talley-Man*, in hopes to have escap'd the *Reforming Inquisition*; but the *Conservator Pacis*, upon pretty good Assurances, had the Courage to break open the Door of the little *Repository*; where they found the *Leacher* and his *Whipstress* full of *Shame* and *Consternation*, and round 'em placed up- on the Shelves, in as much Order, as the Old Fathers in a *Parson's Library*, a great Number of *Flogging Instruments*, for the Secret *Flogellation* of *Superannuated Sodomites*, ty'd with various Ribbons of all sorts of Colours. The Rods, some consisting of finer Twigs, and others thicker, distinguish'd from one another by the binding of the Handle; so that every Beast, from the *Buff-Hided Leacher*, to the *Lamb-Skin'd Cully*, understood, by the Colour, how to call for a *Scourge* that was most agreeable to the Tenderness of his *Cutis*. The *Sanctify'd Heaven-Driver*, and the rest of his *Mermidons*, being mightily pleas'd they had so happily detected such a *Vicious Novelty*, sent the Old *Brandy-fac'd Matron*, and yonder Lady, Professor of the *Flogging-Science*, to *Bridewell*, that their *Leachery* might be cool'd according to their own Exercise, with a *Bulls-Pizzle*, or a *Cat-of-nine-Tails*; and all the way they March'd, their Rods in Bundles were carry'd openly before them in great Triumph, follow'd by a large Multitude of *Hazzaining Rabble* to add to the Solemnity; and in this

*Decorum*

*Decorum* they mov'd to their Place of *Penance*, Saluted, by the way, with as many Joyful Acclamations, as ever Saint *Oaz* met with between *Newgate* and *Tyburn*, whilst *Fifty* in the *Hundred* was carry'd off another way, and reserv'd only to be Punish'd after a *Pecuniary* manner.

Therefore, as to you, Fair Lady, who, at the Younger side of *Thirty*, are so deeply Learn'd in all the Mysteries of *Iniquity*, as to degenerate so far from the *Soft* and *Amorous Nature* of your *Sex*, as to make your self a Beastly Promoter of *Preternatural Debaucheries*, I think the best Advice I can give you and your Confederates, is, That you will cast off your *Female Apparel*, which ought to be the Unpolluted Robes of *Vertue*, *Modesty* and *Beauty*, and put on some Uncooth Habit, like the *Monsters* in the *Tempest*, that you may be loath'd, and wonder'd at by all Mankind, and prove as Terrible, and Odious to the Sight of your own Sex, as if you had been Train'd up in *Hell*, and were the Offspring of *Devils*; for how Scandalous must it be to the *Fair Gender*; the most *Beautiful* and *Innocent* of God's *Creatures*; the *Delight* of *Heaven*; the *Happiness* of *Man*; and the only Glorious piece of *Architect* that put an End to the Labours of *Omnipotence*, and Crown'd the Inestimable Work of the whole *Creation*, for the World to produce, in an Age of *Christianity*, such *Filthy*, *Horrid*, and *Detestable*

*testable Wretches*, disguis'd, to the Shame of their own Sex, in Female Petticoats. In short, you are a *Curse* and a *Reproach* to your own Native Country, and ought to be Ship'd off to some Foreign Plantation, there to Broil and Sweat out your Ignominious Lives among *Slaves*, *Vagabonds*, and *Transports*, unless you speedily Repent of all your Wicked Courses, and give a Publick Testimony, by some Voluntary Pennance, that, from an *Unnatural Brute*, you are again turn'd *Woman*, and that, with a sorrowful Heart, for all your past *Wickedness*, you are Reform'd from your *Vices*.

*Since we find Women are so Mad,  
To often turn from Good to Bad,  
Why may they not (as Sinners shou'd)  
Return again from Bad to Good?*

Pray observe that Old Planet Peeping *Albumazer*, who seems as Tall as if he stood on Tiptoe among the Crowd, and that the *Republican Predictor* thought he had a Title by his *Science*, to the Liberty and Property of advancing his Nodde nearer *Heaven* than the rest of his Neighbours. That very *Stargazing Ninnyhammer* of a *Conjurer*, as simply as he *Looks*, as ridiculous as he *Writes*, and as illiterate as he *is*, I would have you to know, notwithstanding his *Ignorance*, that he is as much *Worship'd* by some sort of sancti-  
D fy'd



fy'd *Sillitonians*, as ever the *Devil* was by the *Indians*, or an *Owl* by the *Egyptians*; and his *Prophecies* as much *Credited* by his *Calves-head Followers*, as if, by *Virtue* of *Pithagorean Transmigration*, he was possess'd of the same *Penetrating Soul*, that long since, to the *World's* great wonder, Occupy'd Old Mother *Shipton*. The *Prognosticks* of his *Almanacks* are become the *Rabble's Oracle*, to which they flye, upon all emergencies, to know what shall be the Success of our present *Undertakings*; and if they chance to pick out any thing that shall agree with the *Event*, he is presently cry'd up by the *Children* of our *Israel*, as if the *Wise-aker* was a *Moses*, tho' his whole *Astrological Cant* is nothing else but ridiculous *Conjecture*, stuff'd as full of *Maybe's*, *perhaps's*, *Rank Falsities*, and *Bisarious* meanings, as an Old *Whore's* Amorous Tales are full of her own *Juvenile Perfections*: He *Calculates Nativities* with as much ease and certainty as a *Lapland-Witch* can Sell you a fair *Wind*; or a *Popish Priest* work *Miracles*. As for *Lost* and *Stolen Goods*, give him but a *Shilling* and he'll discover the *Finder*, or the *Thief*, with as much facility as *Dampier* does *New Worlds*; and help you to your *Loosings* as readily as a *Midwife* can a young *Damsel* to her lost *Maidenhead*. But his most admirable *Secret*, which exceeds all the rest of his *Astrological Cunnun-*  
drums,



drums, is his little *Philacterian* Breast-Plate against *Cupid's* Dart, and all the rest of *Old Nick's* Artillery, call'd a *Sybil*, which impenetrable piece of *Armour*, tho' no broader than half a *Crown*, yet, rightly plac'd, it will infallibly Fortifie the *Mons Veneris* of any young Lady against *Love's* *Battering-Ram*, tho' it comes thump against the *Premises*, like a *Pavier's* *Rammer* against one of *Middleton's* *Pipes*, and will preserve her so secure in all sorts of *Company*, and against all *Attacks*, that she may venture herself a *Month* in a *Camp*, seven *Years* in a *Play-House*, or go a *Voyage* to *Toulon* in one of Her *Majestys* *Ships* of *War*, and return safe, tho' the greatest *Beauty* in the *World*, without the *Loss* of her *Virginity*; nay, farther he engages that an *Old* *Woman* of *Three-score*, let her hang this *Vertue* *Preserving* *Onyx* about her *Neck*, and she may venture to *Drink* all *Night* in a *Tavern* with a *Justice* of *Peace*, without rumpling her *Furbilow*; and as for young *Rakes* and *Bullies*, tho' never so *Jolly* and *Inviting*, let them but wear this *Planitary* piece of *Witchcraft* in either *Fob* or *Pocket*, and they may trust themselves in the *Company* of any *Modest* *Woman*, tho' she be *Quality*, and never fear being *Ravish'd*. As well as for an *Astratoger* he sets himself up for an *Eminent* *Practitioner* in the dark *Misteries* of *Physick*; and, for ought I know, has dived as narrowly into

the Profundity of a *Close-Stool-Pan*, as he has into the Nature of the wand'ring Inhabitants of the Twelve Houses; for he that is a *Star-Groper* must be a *Fundamen'-Scowrer*; for *Astrology* and *Physick* are as inseperable Companions as *Ignorance* and *Impudence*: He is as promising a Professor of the latter Science, as he is of the former, and dare, *Hab-nab at a Venture*, as boldly as the Doctor Unborn, undertake infallibly to Cure every thing with his most incomparable *Pills*, that are good for nothing, and can swell a piece of *Bumfodder* with as large a Catalogue of his wonderful Performances as e'er a Quack of the Fraternity, tho' Living down Three Steps in *Raven-Alley*, or up Six in the *Upper-Moorfields*. He provides rare *Physick* for Barren Wives and Buxom young Lasses. Two Pills are as much at once as any reasonable Woman can well dispense with, which Salutory Dose he directs to be administer'd in a Bag with a long Label at the end on't, so that the *Patient* may take all if they can, if not, they may only swallow the Label, and the Pills will work as well by sympathy as if they had all gone the same way; For, you must know, *Match-making* and *Cock-bawding*, are always the most Profitable part of an *Astrologer's* Profession. He's a violent Persecutor of his own Fraternity; and is resolv'd to keep up to the Old Proverb, *viz. That two*  
of

of a Trade can never agree; so that between his *Long-Purse* and his *Billinggate-Pen*, he manages his Brother *Conjurers* with such admirable Dexterity, that he Rides Cock-a-hoop over the rest of the Dabblers in the *Heavenly Sciences*, and keeps 'em in such Awe, that they dare not say *Bo to a Goose*. Here he comes; and tho' I know he's as great a Master of *Ill Language* as ever was Bred at a *Bear-Garden*, yet I'm resolv'd I'll have one brush with him, tho' he Jingles out a Satyr against me in the Front of his next *Almanack*.

Out upon you for an Old Swarthy Look'd, Bungling *Egyptian*! For Shame Dispose of your *Cælestial-Globes* to some-body that understands them; Sell your *Mathematical Jim-cracks*, which you only hang up to amuse the *Ignorant*, and Buy *Awles*, *Ends*, and *Leather* with the same Money, that you may Relapse into your Old Trade of *Gobling*, and Live, like an Honest Man, by *Liquoring Boots*, and *Vamping Crazy-Shoes*; and, whilst you are joyning *New-Souls* to *Rusty Upper-Leathers*, make your self Merry as you us'd to do by *Whistling Walsingham* to your *Black-Bird*: Forbear Cozeming the *Innocent* and *Credulous* with your unintelligible *Schemes*, your insignificant *Sygils*; and your *Nigromancick Jargons*, which are all but the airy Notions of your own *Windmill-Noddle*, and  
rather



rather chuse to Live by the dint of *Labour* in a *Stall*, like an honest *Crispin*, dwindled into a *Translator*, than in a fine *House*, by picking the Pockets of poor *Servant Wenches*, *Stroling Flat-Caps*, and Old *Washerwomen*; for it will be more to your Reputation to let the World see what you really are, than by Subtilties and Frauds to perswade Fools to think you to be what you are not; therefore down with your *Golden-Cabbage*, and pretend no longer to the *Heavenly Sciences*, but betake your self to what you were Bred to, and amuse us no more with your *Astrological Lies*, and *Canting Prophecies*; and as all the *Stars* in the *Heavens* are now ready to Witness your *Ignorance*, so then shall all your Brethren upon *Earth* be ready to Testifie your *Honesty*, when they see the *Cobler* has regard to the Old Adage, and *Pretends not to any thing beyond his Last*.

*If Truth can in the Stars be Read,  
As 'tis by Planet-Groper said,  
Then they must be illit'rate Fellows,  
Because so many Lies they tell us.*

Pray observe that *Airy Lady* with her *Foot-Boy* after her, who Tosses up her Head, as she Walks, as if she beckon'd to every Gentleman she met, and gave them a Signal with her Looks, whereby they might understand that they were wellcome to her Embraces.

Embraces. That ingrateful *She-Devil* of a little Tickle-Tail *Concubine* ought to stand Recorded as an everlasting Warning-Piece to all generous *Whore-Masters*: For I'll tell you after what manner she us'd one of her *Unhappy Admirers*, when she had Worm'd him out of a good Settlement for Life, and was afterwards the chiefest means of reducing him to *Beggary*, viz. a certain Extravagant *Philoginian* of this Town, design'd for a *Physician*, but spoil'd in the Making, possess'd of a small Estate, about Two Hundred *per Annum*, happen'd, upon the Sight of this Lady at *Islington-Wells*, to be so deeply Enamour'd, that nothing would qualify the vehemence of his *Passion* but a *Lastivious Dose* of her *Sinful Affections* administer'd at the lower-end, which, indeed, any Body might have purchas'd for the Price of half a Crown, before he knew her; but he being a Stranger to her *Person* as well as her *Profession*, was not so happy as to be acquainted with the reasonable *Estimate* she had put upon her Favours; so that my Lady, finding by the manner of his Amours, she was likely to have a better *Cully* of him than what she usually met with, had the Cunning to put an Embargo upon *Love's Cock-Boat*, and to keep her *Admirer* at such a distance, that rather heighen'd his *Passion*, and made him the more eager, refusing to surrender her little *Paradise* upon

on any other Conditions than a round Sum, as a Security against *Contempt*, and into the Bargain a faithful Promise of everlasting *Friendship*, which, rather than lose the opportunity of such a Joyful Conquest, he very readily comply'd with; and according to his Vows kept her Company so long, till, by the *Alchemy* of a *Scrivener*, he had turn'd his *Country Dirt* into *Ready Money*, and Spending that also in the Support of his Lady after an Extravagant manner, he was forc'd to become one of the *Pick-tooth* Attendance of Duke *Humphrey*, being unwilling to Communicate his Condition to his *Philis*, for fear of being slighted: But she soon perceiving, by the slackness of his Generosity, that she had pick'd the Bones of his Estate, and made a meer Skeliton of her Lover as to his Circumstances, thought it high time, whilst her Money lasted, to look about her for a fresh *Gallant* that might be better able to support her in that Grandure which the other had rais'd her to. Accordingly, in a few days, having the Advantages of *Youth*, *Beauty*, and much better *Apparel* than she could formerly appear in, she had inveigled another *Fool*, very proper for her purpose, with whom she carry'd on an Intrigue without the Knowledge of the former; but in a little time it so happen'd, that her Subsequent Lover, one Night, was in Possession of her Embraces when her



her *Prior Gallant*, being Fuddled, made a Noise under her Window for his accustomary Admittance, insomuch that the Lady (being affronted that her Bed-tellow should know that any besides himself should have pretence to her Favours) steps out of Bed, in a great Passion, and taking up the *Chamber-Pot*, opens the *Casement*, calling out *Where are you? Here, my Dear*, crys her importunate Gallant, *just under the Window. Prithce*, says she, *defer your Visit till another time, for I will not be disturb'd at so unseasonable an Hour. He Swore like a Rake, That he would be admitted, for that his Appetite was too Craving to stay till Morning. Then, says Madam to her Spark, since I find you are so Hungry, I must tell you the Meat's bespoke, but there's a Mess of the Broth to stay your Stomach: So most gratefully turns the Chamber-Pot upon the Head of her Benefactor, who, enrag'd at the Indignity, Damn'd her heartily for a Bitch; but as he was Gropping about for Stones to break the Windows, the Constable and his Watch happen'd to be coming their Rounds, so seiz'd my Gentleman for a Loose-Fellow, and carry'd him away to the Round-House, which gave Philis a lucky Opportunity of Removing from her Lodgings the next Morning, and of hiding herself from the Revengesul Rage of an Offended Lover.*

That very Lady, yonder, for all she now appears as Richly Dress'd as a Young Bride newly Marry'd to an Old *Alderman*, with her Pimp at her Heels in a Blue Livery, as if she was a Rich Citizens Daughter going to Morning-Prayers at *St. Lawrence-Church*; yet that ingrateful Devil of a Concubine had the Impudence to Drown one of the most Liberal of her Pappies, after the foregoing manner; and to further shew that she has totally abandon'd all *Christian Virtues*, she has left off Dealing with Uncircumcis'd Gentiles, and Trades as a Coney-Jobber, only among Jews and Infidels, and is as often to be seen at the *Change-Gate*, looking out of a *Hackney-Coach*, as a young Actress at the *Play-house* Peeping thro' the *Curtain-Wicket*, to Ogle the Gentlemen in the Pit. She is very remarkable by her *Pendants* and *Pearl Necklace*; for she always wears as Rich, as if the Cabinet of her Favours was made of *Honourable Mold*; and that the Center of her Charms was only Sacred to the use of some haughty Bugbear of the greatest *Quality*. So Generous are the Jews to their *English* Mistresses, that tho' they make their own Wives but the Overseers of their *Kitchens*, for fear their Guts should be thrifted by their *English Cook-Maids*, yet will they keep a *Curtizan* like a Countess, and advance a pretty Wenche from an *Oyster-Tub*, or an *Apple-Scall*, to her *Damask-Gown* and *Diamond-Earrings*, whilst some

some of our less *Christian Courtiers* keep their *Paramours* so sneakingly, that they are forc'd to impart a Side Favour to some more Generous *Cully*, for a little Pocket-Money, to fool away in a *Winters Evening* at *Omber* or *Basset*.

But now, fair Lady, of whom I have been speaking, a Word or two in your Ear, since you are come so near me; I would have you remember, amidst your *Pride* and *Gaiety*, that a *Flourishing Whore* is but like a *Houselick-Plant*, which always Thrives best when it is fed with most Nastiness; for that reason it is frequently stuck into a *Corn Turd*, and dab'd upon the Top of a *House of-Office*, where, Nourish'd by Filth, it prospers for a Season, till the next Blustering Storm, for want of good Rooting, brings it down to the Ground, where it Perishes, unregarded, for want of that Beasty Succour, which before preserv'd it; so you Ladies of the *Grinding-Faculty*, tho' you Flourish for a time in your *Vicious Practices*, and derive your *Prosperity* from the Filthiness of your *Sins*, yet are you so slenderly Rooted in the *Affections* of your *Keepers*, that, for ought you know, you may be blown down from the *Tottering Pinnacle*, upon which you are now Elevated, by the next Storm of *Passion*, or *Jealousie*, that blows against you, and be left like a *Tree* in *Autumn*,



Disrob'd of your Splendour, and fall a contemptible Object in the Eyes of all Good People, who, as they abhor'd your *Wickedness*, will never pity your *Misfortunes*; therefore I advise you, as a Friend, whilst you have something to Command, if you find you have the Power to do your self *Good* with what you have got so *Ill*, that you would make your self Mistress of a little *Brandy-Shop*, learn to Weave *Straw-Hats*, Make *Bobbin-Lace*, Foot *Stockins* in a Stall, or any thing, whereby you may get an *Honest Livelihood*, lest, when your *Youth* and *Beauty* are a little more Decay'd, you should be forc'd to turn *Runner* to some petty *Bawdy-House*, where you will be able to Earn nothing but a few Scandalous Rags, and be glad, with *Sore-Eyes* and *Rotten-Shin-Bones*, to Sit contentedly down to two Penny worth of Boil'd Beef and Broth, and bless the Lord (whom you have so often Offended) for so plentiful a Commons.

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*Divertisements.*

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**T**Here is lately Arriv'd in *London*, from the Island of *Angellica*, a certain Eminent Face changer, so highly Skill'd in the Art of *Transmutation*, that he will give a New Face for an Old one; a handsome for an Ugly; a Plump for a Lean; a Modest for an Impudent, &c. So that a Turn-Coat Rogue may look as Honest as a Saint; and a Cut-Throat Hipocrite, according to the Mode, put on a Countenance of Moderation; Bullies may look as Stout as Heroes; Whores as Virtuous as Angels; and Tallow-Fac'd she Quality as Wholesome as their Chamber-Maids; Knaves may look like Guides; Blockheads like Scholars; Dunces like Divines; and Time-serving-Tools like Stanch Polititians; so that, in a little time, we may be so Metamorphos'd, that we shall not be able to know the Good from the Bad; the Wise from the Foolish; or our Friends from our Enemies; therefore he humbly hopes that his Project will be approv'd on as an excellent Method to reconcile our Differences. His Ware-House is open at all seasonable Hours, next Door to the Traders-Exchange-House in *Hatten-Garden*,

where all Persons may have the Liberty of Picking and Culling such Faces as they shall like best, provided, according to proposal, they will leave their Old ones behind 'em. He desires no Money to Boot, for the Devil with his Black-Guard, having agreed to go a Nurting next *Holirude-Day*. He intends to Make *Vizards* of the Old Countenances, and to Sell 'em to the Black Prince and his Smooty Retinue, to save their handsome Faces from being Scratch'd in the Woods.

There is now Building, according to common Report, at the Charitable Expence of some well Dispos'd Citizens, a certain Hospital for Decay'd Fools, upon that very spot of Ground, near *White-Chapple*, call'd *Hangman's Acre*, where all the Losing Wagerers about *Toulon*, provided they are Freemen of the City of *London*, shall be kindly admitted as Members, in case they are reduc'd to low Circumstances, and will so far comply with the Orders of the House, as to wear a Long Yellow Vest, a Blue Petticoat; also a Slabering-Bib and Muckender, with a round Cap and a Feather in't. Every one shall have as much Milk Sop as he is able to Eat; an Old Nurse to attend him; the *Gazette* to Read after Dinner; and a String and a Pantile for a *Jack's Father's Cart*, to divert the Society instead of a *Coffee-house*; therefore



therefore, as soon as the matter is decided, whoever will comply with the foregoing Proposals, may be enter'd for a *Fool* in the Register of the House, and take his place accordingly.

There is lately Projected an excellent new Bridle for an ill Tongue, very useful for implacable Scolds; impertinent Coxcombs; and Famitcal Back-biters; and is to be Sold, for the benefit of the Saints, at the Sign of *Janus's Face in Moderation-Ally*, looking one way towards the Church, and the other towards the Meeting.

There is newly Arriv'd, in the room of the Unborn Doctor, lately Deceas'd, a famous *Lydons* Operator, who Tears up all manner of sound Teeth by the Roots, tho' of Forty Years standing, so that they shall never be troublesome for the future. Infalibly puts out all sorts of Sore Eyes, with one Bottle of his Water, tho' before they had the Benefit of Sight never so perfectly. He also Cuts finely for the Simples; and Destroys the Worm call'd *Friskin*, very troublesome to the Tails of most young Women. As for Sore Breasts, Wens, Excrescencies, and Perish'd Members, he takes 'em off with as much Ease and Safety as a Man may hang himself. He likewise hath a Magical Glass, wherein a Fool, or a Slut, may

may see their own Pictures to the Life, at the small Expence of one Shilling. He is to be spoken with at all Hours in the Day at his own House, at the Sign of the *Jack-Pudding* and *Rope-Dancer* in *Conjurers-Row*, in *Moorfields*, or else to be found at the great *Brandy-Shop* near *Little-Moorgate*.

There is newly Publish'd a most useful Treatise, Intituled, *An Exhortation to Rebellion : Or a System of Domestick War ; shewing the most Politick Methods of raising Popular Tumults, broaching new Religions, and poysoning the People in their Principles.* Written, in the fear of the Lord, by that Excellent Author *Jeremiah Drumcushbeon*, half Priest, and half Soldier ; and is to be Sold by Captain *Sturdy*, a Bookseller, at the Sign of the *Sword* and *Bible* in *Calves-Head-Row*.



**F I N I S.**